

Kill That Cold With

HILL'S CASCARA QUININE
FOR Colds, Coughs AND La Grippe
Neglected Colds are Dangerous
Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze.
Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache
Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic
Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

By the Calendar.

"Mr. Bilbbs, I'd like to see you about that little loan of \$50 I made you three months ago, which you agreed to repay in a week."

"My dear fellow, I was feeling good all over, and now you have spoiled my day."

"Umph! By not paying me when you said you would have spoiled 77 days for me."

ASPIRIN

Name "Bayer" on Genuine



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" is genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trademark Bayer Manufacture Monaceticacidder of Salford, Lancashire—Adv.

THAT LEGACY HELPED SOME

Of Course Newspaper Man Really Had Done Well, but Not Entirely by His Own Efforts.

"When I see a ragged man," said the chairman, virtuously, "I say to myself there goes one of life's wasters. There goes a man who has refused to make the most of his gifts. There is no excuse for poverty, gentlemen. Everyone should rise."

"Hear! Hear!" cried his hearers. "Everyone," exclaimed the chairman, "may carve out a good position for himself if he wishes."

"Perhaps you are right," interposed a member. "Only today I met a newspaper man who told me that 20 years ago he came to Chicago with exactly \$5 in his pocket. He is now worth \$40,000 and he owes this entirely to his own ability and energy, combined with good health and a high code of ethics, and to the fact that his uncle recently died and left him \$39,995."—Chicago News.

A Short Drive.

"They tell me this moonshine stuff will drive a man crazy."

"It hasn't much drivin' to do," answered Uncle Bill Bottletop. "Any man who drinks moonshine is foolish to start with."

A forced kindness deserves no thanks.

High water never raises the price of milk.

That Wholesome Table Drink POSTUM CEREAL

gains new friends right along because of its pleasing taste, healthfulness, and saving in cost

Postum Cereal is delicious when properly made: boil fully fifteen minutes after boiling begins. The more you boil Postum Cereal the better it is.

When ordering be sure to get the original POSTUM CEREAL

A 50-cup package usually sells for 25¢

Made by Postum Cereal Co., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.



Stove & Furnace REPAIRS

Do you know we have in stock repair parts for 6,872 different stoves and furnaces? No matter when or where your stove or furnace was made we can supply the parts. We specialize in carrying a complete line of parts for all stoves, ranges and furnaces.

Fix Your Old Stove Up and Make It As Good As New

Send Name, Number of Stove and Manufacturer's Name

DETROIT FURNACE & STOVE REPAIR CO.

30-32 Macomb Street

More than 60 yrs. ago an English chemist began to manufacture BEECHAM'S PILLS. Today they have the largest sale of any medicine in the world.

Sold everywhere. In boxes, 10c., 25c.

HAIR OR COMBS

made into switches. Positively your own hair back. Small cost. W. Amba, M., Otsego, Mich.

BLACKSMITH SHOP, lot, tools and stock. Best town in State, G. A. Millar, Box 34, North Bend, Nebraska.

FRECKLES

POSITIVELY REMOVED BY Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment—Just Squeeze on. Dr. Barry's Freckle Ointment, Dr. C. H. Barry Co., 2075 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

ROCKING CHAIR IS INDORSED

French Authorities Declare Great American "Institution" to Be Physiologically Correct.

Nobody who has studied the rocking chair will be surprised to hear that the French Academy of Science has declared it the most hygienic of all seats instead of a mere American fad. It is, as the academy says, physiologically correct. The trouble with it is that it is not always psychologically correct. Its baneful effects are not on the rocker, but on the beholder. It is an all-around joy only when it is not rocked. New England ladies used to test a new neighbor by getting her to sit in a rocking chair. If she could resist rocking she was of the elect. This simple test of the nerves has made or marred a great many newcomers' popularity.

The advantage of the rocking chair is that it puts the body in perfect balance. The skull is kept in the proper position. But oscillation does not add to the benefit. It is good to find an invention which has been maligned because of misuse indorsed by the scientists. Let these gentlemen next find something good to say about silk hats.

Better Selection.

"I pressed the violets my dear one gave me."

"I did better than that. I let my dear one press my two lips."

The Great Shadow

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Author of "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"

Copyright by A. Conan Doyle

THE CUTTER.

Synopsis.—Writing long after the events described, Jack Calder, Scot farmer of West Inch, tells how, in his childhood, the fear of invasion by Napoleon, at that time complete master of Europe, had gripped the British nation. Following a false alarm that the French had landed, Jim Horscroft, the doctor's son, a youth of fifteen, quarrels with his father over joining the army, and from that incident a lifelong friendship begins between the boys. They go to school together at Berwick, where Jim is a cocky boy from the first. After two years Jim goes to Edinburgh to study medicine. Jack stays five years more at school, becoming a cocky boy in his turn. When Jack is eighteen Cousin Edie of Eyemouth comes to live at West Inch. Jack falls in love at first sight with his handsome, romantic, selfish and autocratic cousin of seventeen. They watch from the cliffs the victory of an English merchantman over two French privateers. Reproached by Edie for staying at home, Jack starts to enlist. Edie tells him to stay. Jack says he will stay and marry her. She acquiesces. Jim comes home. Jack sees Jim kissing Edie. Jack and Jim compare notes and force Edie to choose between them. She chooses Jim. Jack gives up Edie to Jim. A half-dead shipwrecked foreigner drifts ashore at West Inch. He says he is Bonaventure de Lapp, a soldier of fortune. He goes to live with the Calderes. A man of mystery and evidently of high position, he wins all hearts. Jim goes back to his studies in Edinburgh.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

"And if he has passed," said I. "Why then, of course, he will put up his plate, and have his own house, and we shall be losing our Edie." I tried to make a jest of it, and to speak lightly, but the words still stuck in my throat.

"Poor old Jim!" said she again, and there were tears in her eyes as she said it. "And poor old Jack!" she added, slipping her hand into mine as we walked. "You cared for me a little bit once also, didn't you, Jack? Oh! is not that a sweet little ship out yonder?"

It was a dainty cutter of about 30 tons, very swift, by the rake of her masts and the lines of her bow. She may have been rather less than a quarter of a mile from the shore—so near that I could see a tall man with a peaked cap, who stood at the quarter with a telescope to his eye, sweeping it backwards and forwards along the coast.

"What can they want here?" asked Edie.

"They are rich English from London," said I, for that was how we explained everything that was above our comprehension in the Border counties. We stood for the best part of an hour watching the bonny craft, and then, as the sun was lying low on a cloud bank and there was a nip in the evening air, we turned back to West Inch.

As you come to the farm house from the front you pass up a garden, with little enough in it, which leads out by a wicket gate to the road. On the right of this gate, on the garden side, was a bit of a rockery, which was said to have been made by my father's mother many years before. Well, as we came in through the gate, my eyes fell upon this stone heap, and there was a letter stuck in a cleft stick upon the top of it. I took a step forward to see what it was, but Edie sprang in front of me, and, plucking it off, she thrust it into her pocket.

"That's for me," said she, laughing.

But I stood looking at her, with a face which drove the laugh from her lips.

"Who is it from, Edie?" I asked. She pouted, but made no answer.

"Who is it from, woman?" I cried. "Is it possible that you have been as false to Jim as you were to me?"

"How rude you are, Jack!" she cried. "I do wish that you would mind your own business."

"There is only one person that it could be from," I cried. "It is from this man De Lapp."

"And suppose that you are right, Jack?"

The coolness of the woman amazed and enraged me. "You confess it!" I cried. "Have you, then, no shame left?"

"Why should I not receive letters from this gentleman?"

"Because it is infamous."

"And why?"

"Because he is a stranger."

"On the contrary," said she, "he is my husband."

CHAPTER IX.

The Doings at West Inch. I can remember that moment so well. I have heard from others that a great sudden blow had struck their senses. It was not so with me. On the contrary, I saw and heard and thought more clearly than I had ever done before. And the look upon my face must have been strange, for Cousin Edie screamed, and leaving me she ran off to the house. I followed her, and tapped at the window of

her room, for I could see that she was there.

"Go away, Jack, go away!" she cried. "You are going to scold me. I won't be scolded! I won't open the window! Go away!"

But I continued to tap. "I must have a word with you," I cried.

"What is it, then?" she asked, raising the sash about three inches. "The moment you begin to scold I shall close it."

"Are you really married, Edie?"

"Yes, I am married."

"Who married you?"

"Father Brennan, at the Roman Catholic chapel at Berwick."

"And you a Presbyterian?"

"He wished it to be in a Catholic church."

"When was it?"

"On Wednesday week."

I remembered, then, that on that day she had driven over to Berwick, while De Lapp had been away on a long walk, as he said, among the hills.

"What about Jim?" I asked.

"Oh! Jim will forgive me."

"You will break his heart and ruin his life."

"No, no; he will forgive me."

"He will murder De Lapp. Oh, Edie! how could you bring such disgrace and misery upon us?"

"Ah, now you are scolding!" she cried, and down came the window.

I waited some little time and tapped, for I had much still to ask her; but she would return no answer, and I thought that I could hear her sobbing. At last I gave it up, and was about to go into the house, for it was nearly dark now, when I heard the click of the garden gate. It was De Lapp himself.

But as he came up the path he seemed to be either mad or drunk. He danced as he walked, cracked his fingers in the air, and his eyes blazed like the will-o'-the-wisps. "Voleurs!" he shouted—"voleurs de la garde!"—just as he had done when he was off his head, and then suddenly "En avant! en avant!" and up he came, waving his walking-cane over his head. He stopped short when he saw me looking at him, and I dare say he felt a bit ashamed of himself.

"Halloo, Jack!" he cried. "I didn't thought anybody was there. I am in what you call the high spirits tonight."

"So it seems!" said I, in my blunt fashion. "You may not feel so merry when my friend, Jim Horscroft, comes back tomorrow."

"Ta, ta, ta!" cried De Lapp. "I see that you know of our marriage. Edie has told you. Jim may do what he likes."

"You have given us a nice return for having taken you in."

"My good fellow," said he, "I have, as you say, given you a very nice return. I have taken Edie from a life which is unworthy of her, and I have connected you by marriage with a noble family. However, I have some letters which I must write tonight, and the rest we can talk over tomorrow when your friend Jim is here to help us." He stepped toward the door.

"And this was whom you were awaiting at the peel-tower!" I cried, seeing light suddenly.

"Why, Jack, you are becoming quite sharp," said he, in a mocking tone, and an instant later I heard the door of his room close and the key turn in the lock. I thought that I should see him no more that night, but a few minutes later he came into the kitchen where I was sitting with the old folk.

"Madame," said he, bowing down with his hand to his heart in his own queer fashion. "I have met with much kindness in your hands, and it shall always be in my heart. You will accept this small souvenir, and you, also, sir, you will take this little gift which I have the honor to make to you." He put two paper packets down upon the table at their elbows, and then, with three more bows to my mother, he walked from the room.

His present was a brooch with a green stone set in the middle and a dozen little shining white ones all round it. We had never seen such things before and did not know how to set a name to them but they told us afterward at Berwick that the big one was an emerald and that the others were diamonds and that they were worth more than all the lambs we had that spring. My dear old mother has been gone now this many a year but that bonny brooch sparkles at the neck of my eldest daughter when she goes out into company, and I never look at it that I do not see the keen eyes, and the long, thin nose, and the cat's whiskers of our lodger at West Inch. As to my father, he had a fine gold watch with a double case, and a proud man was he as he sat with it in the palm of his hand, his ear stooping to hearken to the tick. I do not know which was best pleased, and they would talk of nothing but what De Lapp had given them, said I, at last.

"What then, Jack?"

"A husband for Cousin Edie," said I.

"They thought I was daft when I said that, but when they came to un-

derstand that it was the real truth, they were as pleased as if I had told them that she had married the laird.

De Lapp was for all we knew, steady and quiet and well-to-do; and as to the secrecy of it, secret marriages were very common in Scotland at that time, when only a few words were needed to make a man and wife, so nobody thought much of that. The old folk were as pleased, then, as if their rent had been lowered but I was still sore at heart, for it seemed to me that my friend had been cruelly dealt with, and I knew well that he was not a man who would easily put up with it.

CHAPTER X.

The Return of the Shadow.

I woke with a heavy heart the next morning, for I knew that Jim would be home before long, and that it would be a day of trouble. But how much trouble that day was to bring, or how far it would alter the lives of all of us, was more than I had ever thought in my darkest moments.

I had to get up early that morning, for it was just the first flush of the lambing, and my father and I were out on the moors as soon as it was fairly light. As I came out into the passage a wind struck upon my face, and there was the house-door wide open and the gray light drawing another door upon the inner wall. And when I looked again, there was Edie's room open also, and De Lapp's too, and I saw in a flash what that giving of presents meant upon the evening before. It was a leave-taking, and they were gone.

My heart was bitter against Cousin Edie as I stood looking into her room. To think that for the sake of a new-comer she could leave us all without one kindly word or as much as a handshake. And he, too! I was angry and hurt and sore, and I went out into the open without a word to my father, and climbed up on to the moors to cool my flushed face.

When I got up to Corriemuir I caught my last glimpse of Cousin Edie. The little cutter still lay where she had anchored, but a row-boat was pulling out to her from the shore. In the stern I saw a flutter of red, and I knew that it came from her shawl. I watched the boat reach the yacht, and the folk climb on to her deck. Then the anchor came up, the white wings spread once more, and away she dipped right out to sea. I still saw that little red spot on the deck, and De Lapp standing beside her. They could see me also, for I was outlined against the sky, and they both waved their hands for a long time, but gave it up at last when they found that I would give them no answer.

I stood with my arms folded, feeling as glum as ever I did in my life, until their cutter was only a square, flickering patch of white among the mists of the morning. It was breakfast-time, and the porridge upon the table, before I got back, but I had no heart for the food.

"There's a letter here from him," said my father, pointing to a note folded up on the table. "It was in his room. Maybe you would read it to us."

It was addressed, in big letters, to "The Good People of West Inch," and this was the note which lies before me, all stained and faded, as I write:

My Friends: I didn't thought to have left you so suddenly, but the matter was in other hands than mine. Duty and honor have called me back to my old comrades. This you will doubtless understand before many days are passed. I take you Edie with me as my wife, and it may be that in some more peaceful time you will see us again at West Inch. Meanwhile accept the assurance of my affection, and believe me that I shall never forget the quiet months which I spent with you at the time when my life would have been worth a week at the utmost had I been taken by the Allies. But the reason of this you may also learn some day.

Yours,
BONAVENTURE DE LISSAC,
Colonel des Voltigeurs de la Garde, et aide-de-camp de S. M. l'Empereur Napoleon.

I whistled when I came to these words, written under his name; for though I had long made up my mind that our lodger could be none other than one of those wonderful soldiers of whom we had heard so much, who had forced their way into every capital of Europe, save only our own, still I had little thought that our roof covered Napoleon's own aide-de-camp and a colonel of his Guard.

The Great Shadow returns.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Excelsior.

Don't anchor—put on more sail. The temptation to stop when some point of victory has been gained, to become so satisfied with one achievement that there is little inclination to go farther, is very human, and it is one of the dangers of a success too easily won. The idea that there are no more worlds to conquer is always born of ignorance and not of great

Thousands of Women



Owe Their Health To

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—overshadowing indeed is the success of this great medicine. Compared with it, all other medicines for women's ills seem to be experiments.

Why is it so successful? Simply because of its sterling worth. For over forty years it has had no equal. Women for two generations have depended upon it with confidence.

Thousands of Their Letters are on our files, which prove these statements to be facts, not mere boasting.

Here Are Two Sample Letters:

Mother and Daughter Helped.

Middleburg, Pa.—"I am glad to state that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me much good when I was 35 years old. I was run down with female trouble and was not able to do anything, could not walk for a year, and could not work. I had treatment from a physician but did not gain. I read in the papers and books about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. The first few bottles gave me relief and I kept on using it until I got better and was able to do my work. The Vegetable Compound also regulated my daughter when she was 15 years old. I can recommend Vegetable Compound as the best medicine I have ever used."—Mrs. W. YENGER, R. 3, Box 21, Middleburg, Pa.

Fall River, Mass.—

"Three years ago I gave birth to a little girl and after she was born I did not pick up well. I doctored for two months and my condition remained the same. One day one of your little books was left at my door and my husband suggested that I try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I started it immediately and I felt better and could eat better after the first bottle, and I continued taking it for some time. Last year I gave birth to a baby boy and had a much easier time as I took the Vegetable Compound for four months before baby came. On getting up I had no pains like I had before, and no dizziness, and in two weeks felt about as well as ever."—Mrs. THOMAS WILKINSON, 363 Columbia Street, Fall River, Mass.

Wise Is the Woman Who Insists Upon Having

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO., LYNN, MASS.

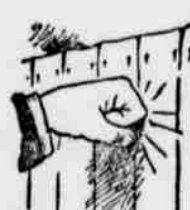
Clothes Make the Man.

Tencher—Now, who can all just what is meant by the saying "All men are created equal"? We all know that some of us are born with wealth and many other advantages not shared by all.

"We are all created with an equal need for clothes," suggested Johnny.

CASCARETS

"They Work while you Sleep"



Knock on wood! You're feeling fine, eh? That's great! Keep the entire family feeling that way always with occasional Cascarets for the liver and bowels. When bilious, constipated, headachy, unstrung, or for a cold, upset stomach, or bad breath, nothing acts like Cascarets. No griping, no inconvenience. 10, 25, 50 cents.—Adv.

Under Surveillance.

Mrs. Littlelat—Tilly, you've left my lingerie scattered all around this room and I'm expecting company any minute.

Tilly the Maid—That's all right, ma'am. I'll keep my eye on 'em and see they don't pinch nothin'.

That Nagging Backache

Are you tortured with a throbbing backache? Suffer sharp pains at every sudden move? Evening find you "at played out"? Perhaps you have been working too hard and getting too little rest. This may have weakened your kidneys, bringing on that tired feeling and dull, nagging backache. You may have headache and dizziness, too, with annoying kidney irregularities. Don't wait. Help the weakened kidneys with Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Michigan Case

Martin King, 123 W. Houghton St., Detroit, Mich., says: "My kidneys were disordered and my back got so lame and stiff I could hardly get around. The secretions were highly colored and contained a brick-dust-like sediment. I began taking Doan's Kidney Pills and they fixed me up in a few days. The cure Doan's gave me has lasted."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

OLD SORES, PILES AND ECZEMA VANISH

Good, Old, Reliable Peterson's Ointment a Favorite Remedy.

"Had 51 ulcers on my legs. Doctors wanted to cut off leg. Peterson's Ointment cured me."—Wm. J. Nichols, 40 Wilder Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Get a large box for 35 cents at any drugist, says Peterson, of Buffalo, N. Y., and money back if it isn't the best you ever used. Always keep Peterson's Ointment in the house. Fine for burns, scalds, bruises, sunburn, and the surest remedy for itching eczema and piles the world has ever known.

Cuticura Soap—The Safety Razor—Shaving Soap

Cuticura Soap shaves without any. Everywhere.

Harvest 20 to 45 Bushel to Acre Wheat in Western Canada

Think what that means to you in good hard dollars with the great demand for wheat at high prices. Many farmers in Western Canada have paid for their land from a single crop. The same success may still be yours, for you can buy on easy terms.

Farm Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre

located near thriving towns, good markets, railways—land of a kind which grows 20 to 45 bushels of wheat to the acre. Good grazing lands at low prices convenient to your grain farm enable you to reap the profits from stock raising and dairying.

Learn the Facts About Western Canada

—low taxation (none on improvements), a healthful climate, good schools, churches, pleasant social relationships, a prosperous and industrious people.

For illustrated literature, maps, description of farm opportunities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, reduced railway rates, etc., write Department of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or

M. V. MacINNES
178 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Government Agent.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with

ABSORBINE

also other Bunches or Swellings. No blister, no hair gone, and horse kept at work. Economical—only a few drops required at application. \$2.50 per bottle delivered. Book \$1.00.

ABSORBINE, the antiseptic liniment for man, hinds, reduces Cysts, Wens, Painful Swollen Veins and Ulcers. \$1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Book "Evidence" free.

W. F. YOUNG, Inc., 310 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 41-1920.